

**The Journey of a Greek Myth from 16th Century French to Modern English: A Translation
of Act II of Robert Garnier's *Hippolyte* (1573)**

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

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Abstract

Robert Garnier's *Hippolyte*, until this point, has never had a definitive English translation. Originally written in Greek by Euripides (fifth century BCE), the play was first translated into Latin by Seneca (first century CE), then into French by Garnier (1573). This play is a historically important step in the transmission of the Hippolytus myth from Euripides to the present day. However, Garnier's *Hippolyte* is often overlooked, with scholars instead focusing on Racine's *Phèdre* (1677). I, along with several other students guided by Dr. Gilman, have worked to correct this oversight by translating *Hippolyte* in such a way as to make it available to a modern audience of English speakers. Although Seneca's influence is clearly visible in certain sections of Garnier's play, it is much more than a simple translation. Garnier follows the outline laid by Seneca, but provides new shape to the story by presenting a fresh view of the motivations behind the characters' actions. An essay on this topic can be found in the Appendix following my translation of Act II. A few notes on the importance of this translation and on the challenges it posed are also included, just before the translation itself.

Acknowledgments

To Dr. Gilman - your advice and guidance have been irreplaceable throughout this process and throughout my time at Ball State. Thank you for everything.

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Introduction

Garnier's *Hippolyte*, written in 1573, does not mark the first time this story has been told. It is, in fact, a retelling of Seneca's *Phaedra*, written in the first century CE, itself a reworking of the much older *Hippolytus* by Euripides (fifth century BCE). This vital link between the ancient versions and the more modern ones such as Jean Racine's *Phèdre* has never been officially translated into English, leaving it inaccessible to those wishing to study the story of Phaedra's illicit love for her stepson. With this in mind, this project set out to provide an accurate English translation of Act II of Garnier's tragedy. Our main concern in the translation process was to remain as accurate and faithful to Garnier's original version as possible while maintaining readability in the English version. Thus, a prose format was adopted rather than Garnier's rhyming alexandrine format.

Working on this translation, I became interested in how Garnier employed emotional tensions as a motivation for the characters' actions. This influenced me to take a look at Euripides' original version of the play and how he orchestrated the characters' actions. The clear dichotomy between the god-directed outcome of Euripides' version and Garnier's more psychological approach inspired an essay presented at the 22nd annual Butler University Undergraduate Research Conference and included here in the Appendix.

Notes on Translation

Finding just the right word to express an idea can be a challenge when writing in one's mother tongue. Finding just the right word in English to express an idea someone else conceived of and wrote in French, is an altogether new problem. Translation requires a clear understanding of the source language as well as a fluency in the target language that is usually only present in one's native language. One must consider also the author's own vocabulary and style, evaluating how best to preserve this in translation. Garnier's *Hippolyte*, written in sixteenth-century French, poses additional problems in the form of variable orthography, vocabulary that is specialized or no longer used in current French, and syntax made to fit a specific versification rather than rules commonly recognized today.

A couple things did prove to be invaluable in easing the difficulties inherent in the translation process. First, using the definitive Lebègue edition of the text eliminated questions of reliability. It also provided an introduction on sixteenth-century French versification that aided with questions and concerns about grammar. Additionally, spelling and vocabulary concerns were greatly alleviated with the use of Randle Cotgrave's 1611 dictionary, made available online by Greg Lindahl.

Garnier's syntax varies in order to best fit the versification of the play. For the majority of *Hippolyte*, rhyming couplets formed by alexandrines are used. However, Garnier employs "a variety of lyric forms" in the choruses (Lebègue 22). What this means in terms of the translation is that Garnier frequently rearranged the order of words and phrases within his sentences in order to fit the meter or provide a rhyme. This rearrangement often left us searching for the subject of the verb or even for the main verb itself at times. Contributing to this problem was Garnier's method of subject-verb agreement, which sometimes depended on "proximity rather than logic,"

as well as his inconsistent agreement of adjectives with plural nouns (Lebègue 21). Garnier also employs various techniques popular in the sixteenth century that may not be immediately clear to the present-day reader. For example, influenced by Latin, Garnier substitutes the infinitive “for all sorts of dependent clauses, relative, causal, etc.” and uses adjectives adverbially, as can be seen in line 161 where he writes, “Le ceinturant espois” (Lebègue 20-1). These things required careful, repeated readings to be sure our translation accurately reflected Garnier’s meaning, if not his poetic style.

One final resource proved indispensable in translating this work: other individuals. Each of us who had translated an act met together under the supervision of Dr. Gilman in order to discuss our translations. These bi-weekly meetings provided an opportunity for collaboration that made deciphering Garnier’s syntax simpler as well as functioning as a sort of interactive thesaurus, allowing us to find just the right word or turn of phrase to express the original French in English. Hearing how another person interpreted Garnier’s work proved invaluable in creating an accurate, smooth English translation.

Work Cited

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Raymond Lebègue. By Robert Garnier. Ed. Lebègue. Paris: Les Belles Lettres, 1974. 1-31.

Print.

Translation: French-English

HIPPOLYTE

By Robert Garnier
Translation by Brigit Calder

ACTE II.

PHEDRE

81 O Roine de la mer, Crete mere des Dieux,
Qui as receu naissant le grand moteur des cieux,
O la plus orgueilleuse et plus noble des isles,
Qui as le front orné de cent fameuses villes :
85 Demeure de Saturne, où les rivages torts,
Remparez de rochers, s'ouvrent en mille ports,
En mille braves ports qui caressez de l'onde,
Reçoivent des vaisseaux de toutes parts du monde :
Pourquoy mon cher sejour, mon cher sejour pourquoy
90 M'as-tu de toy bannie en eternel esmoy ?
Las ! pourquoy, ma patrie, as-tu voulu, cruelle,
Me faire cheoir és mains d'un amant infidelle ?
D'un espoux desloyal ? qui parjurant sa foy
Adultere sans cesse, et ne fait cas de moy ?
95 Me laisse desolee, hélas hélas ! me laisse
Sur ce bord estranger languissant de tristesse ?

O Dieux, qui de là haut voyez comme je suis,
Qui voyez mes douleurs, qui voyez mes ennuis :
Dieux, qui voyez mon mal, Dieux qui voyez mes peines,
00 Dieux qui voyez seicher mon sang dedans mes veines,
Et mon esprit rongé d'un eternel esmoy,
Bons Dieux, grands Dieux du ciel, prenez pitié de moy !
Ouvrez, je vous supply, les prisons à mon ame,

ACT II.

PHAEDRE

Oh Queen of the sea, Crete mother of the Gods,
Who received the nascent driving force of the heavens,
Oh the proudest and noblest of isles,
Which has a façade adorned with a hundred famous towns:
Residence of Saturn, where ominous shores,
Fortified with rocks, give harbor to a thousand ports,
A thousand welcoming ports which, caressed by the waves,
Receive vessels from all parts of the world:
Why, my dear retreat, my dear retreat why
Have you banished me and thrown me into eternal turmoil?
Alas! why, my homeland, you who are cruel, why did you want
To make me fall into the hands of an unfaithful lover?
Of a disloyal spouse? who, perjuring his faith,
Commits adultery endlessly, and does not think of me?
Why do you leave me desolate, alas! alas! Why do you leave me
On this foreign shore, languishing from sadness?

Oh Gods, who from there on high see how I am,
You who see my pain, who see my troubles:
Gods, you who see my affliction, Gods, you who see my grief,
Gods, you who see the drying up of my blood in my veins,
And the eating away of my spirit by an eternal turmoil,
Good Gods, great Gods of heaven, have pity on me!
Unlock, I beg of you, the prisons of my soul,

Et mon corps renversez dessous la froide lame
 Pour finir mes langueurs qui recroistront tousjours
 Sans jamais prendre fin qu'en finissant mes jours.

L'espoir de ma santé n'est qu'en la tombe obscure,
 Ma guarison n'est plus que d'une sepulture.
 Parlé-je de mourir ? hé pauvre ! mon corps,
 Mon corps ne meurt-il pas tous les jours mille morts ?
 Helas hélas, si fait : je ne suis plus en vie,
 La vie que j'avoy m'est de douleur ravie.
 Pour le moins si je vis, je vis en endurent
 Jour et nuit les dangers qu'on endure en mourant.

O Phedre ! ô pauvre Phedre ! hé qu'à la mauvaise heure
 Tu as abandonné ta natale demeure !
 Qu'il t'eust bien mieux valu, pauvre Princesse, alors
 Que tu te mis sur mer, perir de mille morts.
 Qu'il t'eust bien mieux valu tomber dessous les ondes,
 Et remplir l'estomac des Phoques vagabondes,
 Lors qu'à ton grand malheur une indiscrete amour
 Te fait passer la mer sans espoir de retour.
 Qu'il t'eust bien mieux valu, delaisée au rivage,
 Comme fut Ariadne en une isle sauvage,
 Ariadne ta sœur, errer seule en danger
 Des lions Naxéens, qui t'eussent peu manger,
 Plustost qu'adoulouree et de vivre assouvie,
 Trainer si longuement ton ennuyeuse vie :
 Plustost plustost que vivre en un éternel dueil,
 Ne faisant jour et nuit qu'abayer au cercueil.

Voilà mon beau Thésée qui, suivant sa coutume

And cut open my body beneath the cold blade
 To end my languishing, which will ever increase
 Without ever ending until the last of my days.

The hope of my well-being is found only in the dark tomb,
 My recovery is no more than a sepulcher.
 Am I speaking about death? Oh, miserable little thing! my body,
 My body, does it not die a thousand deaths every day?
 Alas, alas, so done: I am no longer alive,
 The life that I had was torn away from me by pain.
 Should I live, I live by enduring
 Night and day the perils that we endure as we die.

Oh Phaedra! poor Phaedra! Oh at that dreadful hour
 You abandoned your native land!
 It would have been better for you, poor Princess, while
 You set out to sea, to perish a thousand deaths.
 It would have been better for you to fall beneath the waves,
 And to fill the stomachs of roving seals,
 At which time, to your great misfortune, an indiscreet love
 Compels you to cross the sea without hope of returning.
 It would have been better for you, abandoned on the shore,
 Like Ariadne left on an uncharted island,¹ Ariadne your sister,
 It would have been better for you to wander alone into the danger
 Of the Naxian lions, which could have devoured you,
 Rather than to live physically satisfied yet in constant pain,
 And to endure for so long a time your tedious life:
 Rather instead to live in eternal mourning,
 Doing nothing day and night but reviling the coffin.

There is my beautiful Theseus, who, following his habit

¹ Ariadne, the daughter of King Minos of Crete, fell in love with Theseus and helped him find his way back through the Labyrinth after killing the Minotaur only to be deserted on the island of Naxos during their return voyage to Athens.

D'estre instable en amours, d'un nouveau feu s'allume.

Voilà qu'il m'abandonne, après que le cruel

M'a fait abandonner mon séjour naturel :

35 Après qu'il m'a ravie aux yeux de mon bon père :

Et aux embrassemens de ma dolente mere,

Fugitive, bannie, et qu'il a contenté

Son ardeur, des plaisirs de ma virginité,

Il va, de Pirithois compagnon detestable,

40 Enlever de Pluton l'espouse venerable.

La terre leur est vile : ils vont chercher là bas,

Sur les rivages noirs, leurs amoureux esbas.

L'enfer qui n'est qu'horreur, qui n'est que toute rage,

Qu'encombre et que tourment, ne domte leur courage.

45 Mais soyent tant qu'ils voudront aux infernaux palus,

Ce n'est pas la douleur qui me gesne le plus :

Un plus aspre tourment rampe dans mes moëllles,

Qui les va remplissant de passions cruelles.

Le repos de la nuit n'allege mes travaux,

50 Le somme Lethean n'amortist point mes maux,

Ma douleur se nourrist et croist tousjours plus forte.

Je brûle, miserable, et le feu que je porte

Enclos en mes poumons, soit de jour ou de nuit,

De soir ou de matin, de plus en plus me cuit.

55 J'ay l'estomach plus chaud que n'est la chaude braise

Dont les Cyclopes nus font rougir leur fournaise,

Quand au creux Etnean, à puissance de coups,

Ils forgent, renfrongnez, de Jupin le courroux.

Of being unstable in love affairs, is aroused with a new passion.

There he is, the one who abandons me, after the cruel one

Has caused me to relinquish my natural home.

After he ravished me in front of my good father:

And from the embraces of my lamenting mother,

I have fled and am banished; he has quenched

His ardor with the pleasures of my virginity.

He, the detestable companion of Pirithous, goes

To kidnap Pluto's venerable spouse.

The land is vile to them: they are going to search down there

On the black shores, for their lovers' delights.

Hell, which is nothing but horror, which is nothing but

Complete madness, chaos and torment, does not subdue their courage.

But may they be in the infernal swamp as long as they want,

It is not grief that disturbs me the most:

A more bitter torment creeps into my marrow,

One which goes to fill them with cruel passions.

The repose of the night does not alleviate my labors,

Lethean sleep² does not deaden my troubles,

My grief is nourished and grows ever stronger.

I burn, I am miserable, the fire that I carry

Enclosed in my lungs, whether day or night,

Evening or morning, scorches me more and more.

My stomach is hotter than the live embers

With which the bare Cyclopes³ have reddened their furnace,

When within the Etnean hollow, with the power of beating,

Scowling, they forge Jupiter's wrath.

² The Lethe, or River of Oblivion, is the river in the Underworld from which the shades of the dead must drink in order to forget their previous life on earth.

³ The brothers Brontes, Steropes, and Arges, sons of Gaia and Uranus, who created Zeus' thunderbolts and are said to live in Mt. Aetna, an active volcano in Sicily, which smokes as a result of their burning forges.

Hé bons Dieux ! que feray-je ? auray-je toujours pleine

La poitrine et le cœur d'une si dure peine ?

Souffriray-je toujours ? ô malheureux Amour !

Que maudite soit l'heure et maudit soit le jour

Que je te fu sujette ! ô quatre fois maudite

La fleche que tu pris dans les yeux d'Hippolyte :

65 D'Hippolyte que j'aime, et non pas seulement

Que j'aime, mais de qui j'enrage follement.

NOURRICE

Ne verray-je jamais hors de vostre pensee

Cruelle s'affligeant, cette amour insensee ?

Languirez-vous toujours, race de Jupiter,

70 Sous ce monstre d'Amour, que vous deussiez domter ?

Domtez-le, ma maistresse, et par cet acte insigne

Monstrez-vous, je vous pry, de vostre Thesé digne.

Thesee est renommé par tout cet univers

Pour avoir combattu tant de monstres divers :

75 Et vous emporterez une pareille gloire,

Si de ce fier serpent vous avez la victoire.

> Amour est en serpent, un serpent voirement,

> Qui dedans nostre sein glisse si doucement

> Qu'à peine le sent on : mais si lon ne prend garde

80 > De luy boucher l'entree, et tant soit peut lon tarde,

> Bien tost privez d'espoir de toute guarison

> Nous aurons nostre sang infect de sa poison :

> Et alors (mais trop tard) cognoistrons nostre faute

> D'avoir laissé entrer une beste si caute.

85 Gardez-vous donc, Madame, et en vous efforçant,

De bonne heure estouffez cet Amour blandissant,

Oh good Gods! what will I do? will I always have a

Chest and heart filled with so heavy a pain?

Will I always suffer? oh unfortunate Love!

Cursed be the hour and cursed be the day

When I was made your subject! oh four times cursed

The arrow that you shot into the eyes of Hippolytus:

Of Hippolytus whom I love, and not only

Whom I love, but for whom I madly burn and crave.

NURSE

Will I never see wiped from your thoughts

This insane, cruel love that is afflicting you?

Will you languish forever, you descendent of Jupiter,

Under this monster of Love, which you should overcome?

Control it, my mistress, and by that noble act,

Show yourself, I beg you, to be worthy of your Theseus.

Theseus is renowned throughout this universe

For having fought so many diverse monsters:

And you will take away a similar glory,

If you triumph over this proud serpent.

> Love is a serpent, truly a serpent,

> Which glides so softly within our breast

> That we hardly sense it: but if one does not take care

> To bar its entry, and however little one delays,

> We, soon deprived of the hope of any recovery,

> Will have our blood infected with its poison:

> And then (but too late) we will see our mistake

> In having allowed so cunning a beast to enter.

Therefore, take care of yourself, Madame, and in your efforts,

Quickly stifle this fawning love,

De peur qu'il s'enracine, et qu'après on ne puisse,

Quand il sera trop fort, combatre sa malice.

> Celuy n'est plaint d'aucun qui obstiné ne veut

> Eviter son malheur, quand éviter le peut.

> Il faut prévoir son mal, on diroit estre beste

> Cil qui plaindroit le joug qu'il s'est mis sur la teste.

PHEDRE

Je suis preste tousjours de constamment souffrir

Tel hazard qu'aux bons Dieux il plaira de m'offrir.

NOURRICE

> Ce n'est pas un hazard, s'il vient un infortune

> De nostre seule faute, et non de la fortune :

> Alors est-ce hasard, s'il nous eschet d'avoir

> Quelque accident mauvais, que n'ayons peu prévoir.

Mais las ! vostre malheur vous est tout manifeste.

PHEDRE

J'ay bonne confiance en la faveur celeste.

NOURRICE

Pensez-vous que les Dieux favorisent nos maux ?

PHEDRE

Appellez-vous un mal mes amoureux travaux ?

NOURRICE

Non, ce n'est pas un mal, c'est un crime execrable,

Un prodige, un forfait, qui n'ha point de semblable.

For fear of it becoming rooted, and thus

Becoming too strong, preventing one from fighting its insidiousness.

> There is no reason to blame anyone who obstinately wants

> To avoid misfortune, especially when it is avoidable.

> One must foresee one's ills; we would say he would be foolish

> To complain of the yoke placed over his own head.

PHEDRE

I am always ready to bear constantly

Such fortune that it pleases the Gods to set before me.

NURSE

> It is not chance, if it stems from a misfortune

> Of our fault alone and not from luck:

> Thus it is chance, if it falls on us to have

> Some terrible accident, which we could not foresee.

But alas! your misfortune is obvious to you.

PHEDRE

I have complete confidence in divine favor.

NURSE

Do you think the Gods favor our ills?

PHEDRE

Do you call my enamored acts an illness?

NURSE

No, it is not an illness, it is an execrable crime,

A monstrosity, an abomination which has no like.

PHEDRE

PHEDRE

05 O puissante Venus !

Oh powerful Venus!

NOURRICE

NURSE

Venus n'invoquez point.

Do not invoke Venus.

PHEDRE

PHEDRE

Las ! Nourrice, pourquoi ? c'est son fils qui me poid.

Alas! Nurse, why not? It is her son⁴ who incites me.

NOURRICE

NURSE

Un Dieu n'est point autheur d'un si vilain inceste.

A God is not the source of so vile an incest.

PHEDRE

PHEDRE

Il embrase mon cœur.

He sets my heart ablaze.

NOURRICE

NURSE

Plustost il le deteste.

Rather he detests it.

PHEDRE

PHEDRE

Les Dieux ne sont faschez que lon s'aime icy bas.

The Gods are not angered that we love each another here on Earth.

NOURRICE

NURSE

10 Les Dieux ne sont joyeux de nos salles esbats.

The Gods do not find joy in our impure escapades.

PHEDRE

PHEDRE

Ils sont touchez d'amour aussi bien que nous sommes.

They are as touched by love as we are.

NOURRICE

NURSE

⁴ Eros, or Cupid, the god of love and sexual desire, usually pictured as a young winged boy who shoots his victims with arrows

Ils ne sont point touchez des passions des hommes.

They are not touched by the passions of men.

PHEDRE

PHEDRE

Et quoy ? pour s'entre-aimer commet-on tant de mal ?

And what? In order to love one another, do we commit such evil?

NOURRICE

NURSE

Non pas pour s'entre-aimer d'un amour conjugal.

Not when making love through conjugal love.

PHEDRE

PHEDRE

15 L'amour ne se doit pas borner du mariage.

Love does not have to be confined to marriage.

NOURRICE

NURSE

Ce ne seroit sans luy qu'une brutale rage.

Without it, it would only be a violent passion.

PHEDRE

PHEDRE

Nature ne nous fait esclaves d'un espoux.

Nature does not make us slaves of a spouse.

NOURRICE

NURSE

Non, mais les saintes loix, qui sont faites pour nous.

No, but the holy laws which are made for us do so.

PHEDRE

PHEDRE

Les hommes nos tyrans, violant la Nature,
 20 Nous contraignent porter cette ordonnance dure,
 Ce miserable joug, que ny ce que les flots
 Enferment d'escaillé, ny ce qui vole enclos
 Dans le vuide de l'air, ce qui loge aux campagnes,
 Aux ombreuses forests, aux pierreuses montagnes,
 5 De cruel, de bening, de sauvage, et privé,
 Plus libre qu'entre nous n'a jamais esprouvé.

Men, our tyrants, who violate Nature,
 Force us to bear this harsh law,
 This miserable yoke, that neither that which streams
 Enclose with scales, nor that which flies entrapped
 In the void of the air, that which dwells in the countryside,
 In the shadowy forests, in the stony mountains,
 Cruel, benign, wild, and private, has ever experienced;
 These burdens are still freer than our predicament.

Là l'innocente amour s'exerce volontaire,

There innocent love is freely practiced,

Sans pallir sous les noms d'inceste et d'adultere,

Sans crainte d'un mari, qui flambe de courroux

30 Pour le moindre soupçon qu'ait son esprit jaloux.

Et n'est-ce pas pitié qu'il faille que l'on aime

A l'appetit d'un autre, et non pas de soymesme ?

> En ce monde il n'y a pire subjection,

> Que de se voir contraindre en son affection.

35 NOURRICE

Que dites vous, Madame, est-ce une chose honneste

D'ainsi vous abjecter aux façons d'une beste ?

PHEDRE

Nourrice, je me plais en leurs libres amours.

NOURRICE

Et quelle liberté n'avez-vous eu tousjours

De vostre bon mari, qui vous prise et honore,

40 Vous aime et vous cherist plus que soymesme encore.

PHEDRE

C'est pourquoy volontiers il est absent de moy.

NOURRICE

Pirithois l'a contraint d'aller avecques soy :

Puis qu'il avoit promis, il devoit ainsi faire.

> Qui promet quelque chose, il y doit satisfaire.

Without waning under the names of incest and of adultery,

Without fear of a husband, who burns with wrath

At the slightest suspicion of his jealous spirit.

And is it not a pity that people must love

According to the carnal desires of another, and not of oneself?

> In this world, there is no worse subjection

> Than to see oneself constrained in one's affection.

NURSE

What do you say, Madame? Is it an honest thing

To demean yourself thus in the manner of a beast?

PHEDRE

Nurse, I find pleasure in their moments of free love.

NURSE

And what freedom have you not always had

From your good husband, he who prizes and honors you,

Loves and cherishes you still more than himself.

PHEDRE

That is why he is willingly absent from me.

NURSE

Pirithous compelled Theseus to accompany him:⁵

Since he had promised, he had to do so.

> Whoever promises something must follow through.

⁵ Pirithous, son of Dia and Ixion, was Theseus' good friend who desired to wed Persephone, Queen of the Underworld. Theseus agreed to help retrieve her, but both were trapped by Hades. Theseus was eventually released by Hercules; Pirithous remained trapped.

PHEDRE

Mais il est chez Pluton pour violer son lic.

NOURRICE

Il ne l'en faut blâmer, ce n'est pas son delict.

PHEDRE

> Ceux qui sont compagnons à faire un acte infame,

> Sont compagnons aussi pour en recevoir blâme.

NOURRICE

Ce que Thesee a faict, il l'a faict pour autrui.

PHEDRE

Il en est d'autant plus punissable que luy.

NOURRICE

Pirithois de sa Dame avoit l'ame embrasee.

PHEDRE

Cela luy sert d'excuse, et non pas à Thesee.

NOURRICE

L'on parlera par tout d'un amy si parfait.

PHEDRE

L'on parlera par tout d'un si malheureux faict.

NOURRICE

Pluton l'avoit jadis à sa mere ravie.

PHEDRE

But he is in the Underworld to violate Pluto's marriage.

NURSE

One must not blame him for that: it is not his offense.

PHEDRE

> Those who are companions in doing such a despicable act

> Will also share the blame for it as companions.

NURSE

What Theseus did, he did for others.

PHEDRE

He is even more punishable for it than Pirithous.

NURSE

Pirithous had a soul inflamed for his Lady.

PHEDRE

That serves as an excuse for him, but not for Theseus.

NURSE

People everywhere will talk about so perfect a friend.

PHEDRE

People everywhere will talk about so miserable a deed.

NURSE

A long time ago, Pluto assaulted his mother.

PHEDRE

Si Pluton a mal faict, y portent-ils envie ?

NOURRICE

Ils ne sont ravisseurs que sur un ravisseur.

PHEDRE

Pluton l'a prise à femme, et en est possesseur.

NOURRICE

Mais à qui se plaindra Pluton de son offense ?

PHEDRE

Il ne s'en plaindra pas, il en prendra vengeance.

NOURRICE

Thesé, qui, compagnon du grand Tirynthien,
A presque tout couru ce globe terrien,
Qui a faict, indomté, tant de brave conquestes,
Qui a tant combatu d'espouvantables bestes,
Tant domté d'ennemis, tant de monstres desfaits,
Tant meurtri de Tyrans pour leurs injustes faicts,
Aura peur volontiers des nocturnes encombres
De Pluton, qui n'est Roy que de peureuses ombres.

PHEDRE

Mais les Démons qu'il a père trop peu forts

PHEDRE

If Pluto committed such a wrong, do they desire the same?

NURSE

They are only ravishers on top of a ravisher.

PHEDRE

Pluto took her as his wife and is her possessor.

NURSE

But to whom will Pluto complain for this offense?

PHEDRE

He will not complain of it; he will avenge it instead.

NURSE

Theseus, who, companion of the great Tirynthien,⁶
Has traveled nearly throughout this earthly globe,
Theseus, who untamed has accomplished so many brave conquests,
Who has fought so many horrifying beasts,
He who has subdued so many enemies, defeated so many monsters,
Murdered so many tyrants for their unjust deeds,
He will easily fear the nocturnal dangers
Of Pluto, who is King of nothing but fearful shades.

PHEDRE

But the demons that he has, will they be too weak

⁶ Hercules – so called either because his supposed father was King Amphitryon of Tiryns or because it was in the service of King Eurystheus of Tiryns that he completed his “Twelve Labors.”

70 Pour oser repousser ses outrageux efforts ?

- > Non, ma Nourrice, non. Les puissances humaines,
- > Tant grandes qu'elles soyent, là bas demeurent vaines.
- > Nul qui soit devalé sur le bord Stygieux
- > N'est jamais remonté pour revoir les hauts cieux.

NOURRICE

75 > Celui qui pour entrer à sceu forcer la porte,
 > La pourra renforcer quand il faudra qu'il sorte.

PHEDRE

- > Il est aisé d'entrer dans le palle sejour,
- > La porte y est ouverte et ne clost nuit ne jour :
- > Mais qui veut ressortir de la salle profonde,
- Pour revoir derechef la clairté de ce monde,
- > En vain il se travaille, il se tourmente en vain,
- > Et tousjours se verra trompé de son dessain.
- Mais feignons qu'il eschappe, et que vif il se treuve
- Repasé par Charon deça le triste fleuve,
- 85 Pensez-vous qu'il sejourne une seule saison
- Avec moy s'esbatant, paisible, en sa maison :
- Ains qu'il n'aille aussi tost en quelque estrange terre
- Chercher, impatient, ou l'amour, ou la guerre,
- Me laissant miserable icy seule à jamais ?

NOURRICE

90 Il sera plus long temps avec vous desormais.
 Mais quoy qu'il vueille faire, et quoy que sa nature,
 Qui est de pourchasser tousjours quelque adventure,
 L'arrache de vos bras pour le jetter bien loing,

To dare to repel his outrageous efforts?

- > No, my Nurse, no. The human powers,
- > As great as they may be, remain powerless there below.
- > No one who may be hurtled onto the Stygian bank
- > Ever resurfaces to see the high heavens once again.

NURSE

> Whoever forces open the door in pursuit of knowledge
 > Will likewise be able to force it open again when he must leave.

PHEDRE

- > It is easy to enter into that twilit world.
- > The door is open there and does not close day or night:
- > But whoever wants to exit again from that deep chamber,
- To see once more the light of this world,
- > In vain he strains, he is tormented in vain,
- > And he will always see himself led astray from his intention.
- But let us imagine that he escapes, and that he is found alive,
- That he has passed by Charon again to this side of the sad river,
- Do you think he would remain dallying with me
- A single moment, peaceful in his house?
- Impatient, would he not go immediately to some foreign land
- To seek both love and war,
- Leaving me miserable here, alone for evermore?

NURSE

He will stay with you longer from now on.
 But whatever he wishes to do, and whatever his nature,
 Which is constantly to pursue some new adventure,
 Which tears him away from your arms and casts him far away,

Quoy qu'il ne prenne pas de vous assez de soing,

Et qu'il ne garde assez la foy de mariage,

Rien ne vous est pourtant octroyé d'avantage,

Pour cela ne devez vous dispenser d'avoir

Tout autant de respect à vostre saint devoir.

> Le mal qu'un autre fait, n'est pas cause vailable

> De nous faire à l'envy commettre un mal semblable.

> Le vice ne doit pas les hommes inciter

> De le prendre à patron, à fin de l'imiter.

Voyez-vous pas les Dieux nous estre debonnaires,

Bien qu'à les offenser nous soyons ordinaires ?

Voyez-vous pas le ciel perpetuer son cours,

Et le luisant Phebus faire ses mesmes tours,

Et n'estre d'un moment sa carriere plus lasche,

Bien que nostre mesfaict incessamment le fasche ?

Car depuis que son 9il de luire commença,

Que ses premieres fleurs le Printemps amassa,

Que l'Esté nous donna ses despouilles premieres,

L'Automne vendangeur ses grappes vinotieres,

Et que l'Hyver glacé fist le premier amas,

Dessus son chef grison, de neige et de frimas,

Des malheureux humains les natures fautieres

Ont les Dieux courroucez en cent mille manieres :

Et toutesfois, bons Dieux, le ciel ne laisse pas

De disposer la terre à nostre humain repas.

Vous ne nous ostez point le Soleil ordinaire,

De qui l'9il nous nourrist, nous chauffe et nous esclaire.

Vous ne nous ostez point l'Esté ny le Printemps,

Although he does not take enough care of you,

And although he does not sufficiently uphold the vows of marriage,

Nothing more, however, is bestowed upon you.

For this, you must not exempt yourself from having

Complete commitment to your sacred vows of marriage.

> The evil perpetrated by another is not just cause

> To make us commit a similar evil at every opportunity.

> Vice does not have to incite men

> To accept it as their master, with the aim of imitating it.

Do you not perceive the Gods as being kind to us,

Although we are human in offending them?

Do you not see the sky forever continuing its course,

And shining Phoebus⁷ completing his expected rounds,

And not for one moment growing lax in following his course,

Although our misdeeds constantly anger him?

Because ever since his eye began to shine,

Spring amassed its first flowers,

Summer gave us its first spoils,

Autumn, the grape-picker, provided its first wine-producing vines,

And icy Winter made the first heap of snow

And cold weather atop his grey head,

The faulty nature of unfortunate human beings

Has angered the Gods in a hundred thousand ways:

And yet, good Gods, the heavens do not leave

The earth at our disposal for a great feast.

You do not take from us the ordinary Sun,

Whose eye nourishes us, warms us and enlightens us.

You do not take from us either Summer or Spring,

⁷ Apollo, god of light, associated with the sun

L'Automne ny l'Hyver : ils viennent en leur temps :

Seulement quelquefois, quand la monstrueuse masse

25 Des freres Etneans, Titanienne race,

Entreprend de forcer le ciel etherean,

Vous levez lors la main sur le champ Phlegrean

Et d'un foudre sonnant bouleversez les festes

D'Osse et de Pelion sur leurs superbes testes.

30 > Jamais nos cruautez ne font les Dieux cruels.

> Si nous sommes meschans, pourtant ils ne sont tels :

> Si nous sommes ingrats à leur bonté suprême,

> Si nous les oublions, ils ne font pas de mesme :

> Ainçois le plus souvent que nous meritons bien

35 > D'estre punis, c'est lors qu'ils nous font plus de bien.

Et ne voyons nous pas qu'au lieu de nous atteindre

De leurs foudres bruyans, ils ne font que se feindre ?

Et que le traict de feu, qui grandant, aboyant,

De tempeste et d'esclairs nous va tant effroyant,

40 Le plus souvent ne bat que les montagnes hautes,

Et non pas nous mechans, qui commettons les fautes ?

Ainsi, Madame, ainsi vous ne devez laisser

Pour Thesé vostre espoux, qui vous peut offenser,

D'avoir cher vostre honneur : et luy garder loyale,

Jusqu'au pied du tombeau, vostre amour conjugale.

45

PHEDRE

Je ne sçauroy, Nourrice, et ne le dois aussi.

Aimeray-je celui qui n'ha de moy souci ?

Qui n'ha que l'inconstance, et de qui la moiëlle

Autumn or Winter: they each come in their own time:

Only sometimes, when the monstrous mass

Of Etnean brothers, the Titanian race,⁸

Take it upon themselves to force their way into the ethereal heaven,

Do you then lift your hand over the Phlegraean field⁹

And, with a striking lightning bolt, overturn the summits

Of Ossa and Pelion upon their haughty heads.

> Never do our cruelties turn the Gods cruel.

> If we are wicked, they, however, are not:

> If we are ungrateful for their supreme goodness,

> If we forget them, they do not do the same:

> Rather, the more often we indeed deserve

> To be punished, it is then that they do even more for us.

And do we not see that instead of striking us

With their resounding lightning, they merely pretend to do so?

And that streak of fire, rumbling and shouting

With storm and lightning, which frightens us so much,

Most often strikes only the high mountains,

And not us, malicious people who commit mistakes?

Thus, Madame, thus you must not abandon

Your precious honor for Theseus, your husband,

Who is able to hurt you, and you must remain loyal to him,

Your conjugal love, to the grave.

PHEDRE

I do not know, Nurse, and it is not necessary either.

Will I love one who does not care about me?

Who is only fickle, and whose marrow

⁸ The giants, created when the blood of Uranus fell to earth. They tried to overthrow Mt. Olympus by stacking the Pelion and the Ossa mountain ranges atop one another, but were defeated and subsequently trapped under volcanoes around the world.

⁹ Campi Flegei – a volcanic district near Naples, Italy

S'enflamme incessamment de quelque amour nouvelle ?

Helene Ledeanne aussi tost il ne veit

Qu'espris de sa beauté, corsaire, il la ravit :

Depuis il eut au cœur, Hippolyte, ta mere,

Qu'il amena vainqueur d'une terre estrangere :

Puis, ô pauvre Ariadne, ô ma chetive sœur,

55 Tu pleus à cet ingrat, cet ingrat ravisseur,

Qui pour le bon loyer de l'avoir, pitoyable,

Sauvé du Mi-taureau, ce monstre abominable,

Sur le bord Naxean te laissa l'inhumain,

Pour estre devoree, ou pour mourir de faim.

60 En fin mon mauvais sort me mit en sa puissance,

Pour goûter à mon tour sa legere inconstance.

Ores soulé de moy, possible aux sombres lieux

Il cherche une beauté qui ravisse ses yeux.

Que s'il en trouve aucune, et qu'elle luy agree,

65 Qu'attendé-je sinon que je soy' massacre

Comme fut Antiope, ou qu'il me laisse au bord

Où il laissa ma sœur, pour y avoir la mort ?

Or allez me louer la loyauté des hommes :

Allez me les vanter. O folles que nous sommes,

70 O folles quatre fois, hélas nous les croyons,

Et sous leurs feints soupirs indiscrettes ployons.

Ils promettent assez qu'ils nous seront fidelles,

Et que leurs amitez nous li'ront eternelles :

Mais, ô deloyauté, les faulsaies n'ont pas

75 Si tost nos simples cœurs surpris de leurs appas,

Si tost ils n'ont deceu nos credules pensees,

Is incessantly inflamed with some new love?

As soon as he sees Helen, daughter of Leda,

He, a pirate, enraptured by her beauty, kidnaps her:

Since he had your mother at heart, Hippolytus,

Whom he, as conqueror of a strange land, brought here:

Then, oh poor Ariadne, oh my unfortunate sister,

You cry out to this ingrate, this ungrateful kidnapper,

You, the pitiful one, who in good faith, saved him

From the Minotaur, that abominable monster,

He left you cold-bloodedly on the Naxean shore

To be devoured or to die of hunger.

Finally, my evil lot placed me in his power;

Now it is my turn to taste his thoughtless infidelity.

Now having his fill of me, it is possible that

He seeks in dark places a beauty who delights his eyes.

That if he finds someone there and that she agrees with him,

What am I waiting for except to be massacred

As was Antiope,¹⁰ or to be left on the bank

Where he left my sister, there to die?

Now go ahead and praise the loyalty of men to me:

Go and praise them to me. Oh fools that we are,

Oh four times fools, alas we believe them,

And under their feigned sighs we bow imprudently.

They promise often enough to be faithful to us,

And that their friendship will link us eternally:

But, oh disloyalty, the counterfeiters have not surprised

Our simple hearts so immediately with their charms,

They have not deceived our credulous minds so quickly

¹⁰ Amazon, wife of Theseus and mother of Hippolytus, who fought on the side of the Amazons in the Attic War and was killed by another Amazon to prevent her being violated by the Athenian king. Alternately, upset about Theseus' marriage to Phaedra, she is said to have attacked the entire wedding party with the intention of killing all present, only to be slain herself.

Que telles amitez se perdent effacees :

Qu'ils nous vont dedaignant, se repentant d'avoir

Travaillé, langoureux, voulant nous decevoir.

NOURRICE

Ostez de vostre esprit ceste rage jalouse,

Vous estes d'un grand Roy la cherissable espouse,

Le desir et la vie : il ne vous faut penser

Que jamais pour une autre il vous doive laisser.

PHEDRE

Il n'y a plus d'espoir, je n'y puis plus que faire,

Je porte dans les os mon cruel adversaire :

Il a forcé le mur, et planté l'estandart

Malgré ma resistance au plus haut du rampart.

Je suis en sa puissance, et quoy que je luy brasse,

Je ne puis, tant est fort, luy enlever la place.

Mes efforts tombent vains, et ne peut la raison

Me secourir maistresse, il la tient en prison.

NOURRICE

Vous laissez-vous ainsi subjuguier, imbecile,

A cette passion, de toutes la plus vile ?

Voulez-vous diffamer vostre nom de mesfaits,

Et vaincre vostre mere en ses lubriques faicts ?

Puis ne craignez-vous point un remors miserable,

Qui se viendra plonger en vostre esprit coupable,

Bourreau perpetuel, et qui joint à vos os

Ne vous lairra jamais sommeiller en repos ?

Reprimez, je vous pry, cette ardeur malheureuse,

That such loves are lost and erased:

That they go scorning us, tired and languorous, regretting

Having labored so in wishing to deceive and hurt us.

NURSE

Remove this jealous rage from your spirit,

You are the cherished spouse of a great King,

His desire and life: it is not necessary for you to think

That he must ever leave you for another.

PHEDRE

There is no more hope, I am no longer able to do anything,

I bear in my bones my cruel adversary:

In spite of my resistance, he has broken through the wall

And planted a standard at the top of the rampart.

I am in his power, and whatever I devise for him,

I cannot, given his strength, remove him from this place.

My efforts are in vain, and reason cannot

Secure me as mistress, for he has imprisoned it.

NURSE

Foolish one, will you allow yourself to be overcome in such a way

By this passion, the most vile of them all?

Do you want to defame your name with misdeeds,

And surpass your mother in her questionable deeds?

Then do you not fear at all a miserable remorse,

An eternal executioner which will come and plunge itself

Into your guilty conscience and which burrows into your bones,

Never allowing you to sleep in peace?

Restrain, I pray you, this unfortunate ardor,

	Reprimez cette Amour qui ard incestueuse	Restrain this incestuous Love which burns
	Autour de vos roignons : reprimez reprimez	In your kidneys; restrain, restrain
	Avecques la raison ces desirs enflamez,	With reason these inflamed desires,
	Qu'aucune nation tant barbare fut-elle,	Which no nation ever had in spirit,
05	Tant fut-elle à nos loix brutalement rebelle,	However barbaric it may have been,
	N'eut jamais en l'esprit : non les Getes espars,	However brutally rebellious to our laws: not the scattered Getae, ¹¹
	Non les Scythes errans, cruels peuples de Mars,	Not the wandering Scythians, ¹² cruel people of Mars,
	Non les Sarmates durs, non le negeux Caucase,	Not the obdurate Sarmatians, ¹³ not the snowy Caucasus,
	Non le peuple qui boit dans les ondes de Phase.	Not the people who drink from the waves of the Phase.
10	Voulez-vous engendrer en vostre ventre infet	Do you want to engender in your womb a grotesque monster,
	De vous et vostre fils un monstre contrefait ?	Implanted by you and your stepson?
	Voulez-vous que la mere avec son enfant couche,	Do you want the mother to be united with her sleeping child,
	Flanc à flanc accouplez en une mesme couche ?	Side by side in the same bed?
	Or allez, hastez-vous, ne vous espargnez pas,	Now go and hasten, do not hold back,
	Exercez vostre soul vos furieux esbats.	Fuel your spirit with your mad pleasures.
	Que tardez-vous encor ? pourquoi la salle ouverte	What still delays you? Why is the open room
	Du monstre vostre frere est si long temps deserte ?	Of your monstrous brother so long deserted?
	Et pourquoi ne se va vostre race estoffant	And why do your people not go about furnishing
	Des membres merveilleux de quelque enorme enfant ?	Each of its marvelous members with some monstrous child?
20	Les monstres trop long temps en vostre maison cessent,	For too long in your house have the monsters ceased;
	Il vous faut efforcer que quelques uns y naissent,	You must strive to give birth to a few of them there now.
	Sus donq, mettez y peine. Et mais quoy ? n'est-ce pas,	Additionally therefore, apply yourself accordingly. And but what?
	O sainte Paphienne, un merveillable cas,	Is it not, oh holy Paphienne, ¹⁴ an astonishing case
	Qu'autant de fois qu'Amour poindra da sa sagette	That Love will prick, with his arrow, so many times
25	Le cœur enamouré d'une fille de Crete,	The enamored heart of a daughter of Crete,
	La terre autant de fois des prodiges verra,	The earth will see wonders many times over,

¹¹ several Thracian/Dacian tribes occupying what is currently Bulgaria/Romania, who came into contact with the Greeks from the 7th century BCE onward, flourishing especially in the first half of the 3rd century BCE when they stretched to the Black Sea coast

¹² an ancient Iranian people who dominated the Pontic-Caspian Steppe throughout Classical Antiquity, who lived as a confederation of pastoral, equestrian tribes

¹³ Iranian people of Classical Antiquity who controlled the western part of Scythia between the 5th century BCE and 4th century CE when the Goths gained control

¹⁴ of or having to do with Paphos, a city on Cyprus and one of the oldest centers of worship for Aphrodite

Nature autant de fois de son cours sortira !

PHEDRE

Las ! Nourrice, il est vrai : mais je n'y puis que faire.

Je me travaille assez pour me cuider distraire

30 De ce gluant Amour, mais tousjours l'obstiné

Se colle plus estroit à mon cœur butiné.

Je ne sçaurois sortir libre de son cordage,

Ma chaste raison cede à sa forçante rage :

Tant il peut dessus nous, quand une fois son trait

35 Nous a troublé le sang de quelque beau portrait.

J'ay tousjours un combat de ces deux adversaires,

Qui s'entrevont heurtant de puissances contraires.

Ores cetuy-là gaigne, et ore cetuy-cy,

Cetuy-cy perd apres, cetuy-là perd aussi :

40 Maintenant la raison ha la force plus grande,

Maintenant la fureur plus forte me commande :

Mais tousjours à la fin Amour est le vainqueur,

Qui paisible du camp s'empare de mon cœur.

Ainsi voit-on souvent une nef passagere

45 Au milieu de la mer, quand elle se colere,

Ne pouvoir aborder, tant un contraire vent

Seigneuriant les flots la bat par le devant.

Les nochers esperdus ont beau caler les voiles,

Ont beau courir au mats, le desarmer de toiles,

50 Ont beau coucher la rame, et de tout leur effort

Tâcher malgré le vent de se trainer au port,

Leur labeur n'y fait rien : la mugissante haleine

Du Nort qui les repousse, aneantist leur peine.

La nef court eslancee, ou contre quelque banc,

Nature will leave its course many times over!

PHEDRE

Alas! Nurse, it is true, but I can do nothing about it.

I bring myself to a state of imagined distraction

From this cleaving Love, but it always obstinately

Clings more tightly to my conquered heart.

I would not know how to free myself from this bond,

My chaste reason yields to its forceful rage:

It is able to capture so much of us once its shot

Has stirred our blood with some beautiful likeness.

I always struggle with these two adversaries,

Which collide into one another with opposing force.

Now one wins, and now the other;

This one loses later, that one as well:

Now reason is the strongest,

Now madness rules me:

But always, in the end, Love is the conqueror

Which, in the now peaceful camp, takes hold of my heart.

Thus we often see a passing ship

In the middle of a turbulent sea,

Unable to reach shore because of so adverse a wind

Commanding the seawaters and battering its prow.

However much the desperate sailors steady the sails,

However much they rush about the masts, unfurl its canvas,

However much they lay down their oars, and with all their effort

Try, in spite of the wind, to pull themselves into port,

Their labor is futile: the roaring breath

Of the North wind, which drives them back, exhausts their efforts.

The ship shoots forward, either against some shoal,

5 Ou contre quelque roc, qui luy brise le flanc.
 Ainsi cette fureur violente s'oppose
 A ce que la raison salutaire propose,
 Et sous ce petit Dieu tyrannise mon cœur.
 C'est ce Dieu qui des Dieux et des hommes veinqueur
 10 Exerce son empire au ciel comme en la terre :
 Qui ne craint point de faire à Jupiter la guerre,
 Qui domte le Dieu Mars, ores qu'il soit d'armet,
 De grève et de cuirace armé jusqu'au sommet :
 Qui le Dieu forgeron brusle dans la poitrine
 15 Au milieu de sa forge, où le foudre il affine :
 Le pauvre Dieu Vulcan, qui tout estincelant
 Aux fourneaux ensoulfrez travaille martelant,
 Qui tousjours ha le front panché dans la fournaise,
 Qui à bras decouverts va pincetant la braise,
 20 Sans qu'il soit offensé de la force du feu,
 De ces tisons d'Amour se defendre n'a peu.
 Il brusle en l'estomac, et tout sueux s'estonne
 Qu'en luy qui n'est que feu, cet autre feu s'entonne.

NOURRICE

5 Voire on a feint Amour un redoutable Dieu,
 Vagabond, qui ne loge en aucun certain lieu :
 Il porte, comme oiseau, le dos empenné d'æles :
 Il ha le beau carquois, qui luy pend aux esclles :
 Il ha tousjours les yeux aveuglez d'un bandeau,
 Il ha, comme un enfant, delicate la peau,
 10 La chair tendre et douillette, et la perruque blonde
 De cheveux frisez, comme les plis d'une onde.

Or against some rock which breaks the side of it.
 Thus this violent furor stands in the way of
 What good reason proposes,
 And, under the influence of this little God, my heart is tyrannized.
 It is this God who, conqueror of gods and men,
 Rules his empire in heaven as on earth:
 Who does not fear to wage war with Jupiter,
 Who overcomes the God Mars, now that he is equipped with weapons,
 Armed with greaves and cuirass up to the hilt:
 Whose chest the blacksmith God brands
 In the middle of his forge, where he casts lightning.
 The poor God Vulcan, who all blazing
 In the furnaces perfumed with sulfur, works hammering,
 Who always has his face bent down in the furnace,
 Who with bare arms goes plucking out live embers,
 Without being repelled by the strength of the fire,
 From those firebrands of Love he is unable to defend himself.
 It burns in his stomach, and all sweating, he is astonished
 That in himself, a being of fire, another fire erupts.

NURSE

Truly, we have imagined Love a redoubtable God,
 A wayfarer, who does not stay in any certain place:
 Like a bird, he bears wings upon his back,
 He has the beautiful quiver, which hangs under his arm,
 He has eyes always blinded with a blindfold,
 He has, like a child, delicate skin,
 His flesh tender and sensitive to pain, and blond hair
 That curls like the crests of a wave.

Cyprine l'enfanta, qui sentist tost apres,
 Blessee enragément, la rigueur de ses tréts.
 Il guerroye un chacun. Car luy qui ne voit goutte,
 35 Du sang d'un Immortel aussi souvent degoute,
 Que de quelqu'un de nous : aussi le traistre enfant
 Est du ciel, de la terre et des eaux trionfant.

Voila comment le vice, en se flatant coupable,
 Couvre son appetit d'une menteuse fable.
 90 Voila comme, excusant nos lubriques desirs,
 Nous bastissons un Dieu forgeur de nos plaisirs,
 Auteur de nostre honte, et n'avons peur qu'un foudre
 Pour telle impiété nous broye tous en poudre.

> Quiconque s'orgueillit de sa prosperité,
 95 > Qui ne prend sa fortune avec sobriété,
 > Qui tombe de mollesse, et delicat, ne treuve
 > Rien à son appetit que toute chose neuve :
 > Qui ore en ses habits, ores en son manger,
 > Ore en ses bastimens ne veut rien qu'estranger,
 00 > Celuy le plus souvent en ses entrailles porte
 > De l'amoureuse ardeur une pointe plus forte
 > Que le pauvre commun, et son esprit troublé
 > Va tousjours forcenant d'un desir deregulé.
 > L'amour accoustumé luy desplaist trop vulgaire :
 05 > Il veut s'ébatre d'un, qui ne soit ordinaire,
 > Qui ne soit naturel, mais tout incestueux,
 > Mais tout abominable, horrible et monstueux.
 > Tousjours tousjours les grands ont leurs ames esprises,
 > Ont leur cœur enflammé de choses non permises.
 0 > Celuy qui peut beaucoup, veut encor plus pouvoir :

Kypris¹⁵ gave birth to him, who soon after,
 Was infuriatingly hurt, feeling the rigor of his strokes.
 He wages war on each. For he who does not bleed,
 Is just as often disgusted by the blood of an immortal
 As he is by ours: and thus the treacherous child
 Is triumphant over the heaven, the earth, and the waters.

Here is how vice, smoothing over its blame while shamefully
 Flattering itself, covers its lust with an untruthful fable.
 Here as, excusing our lewd desires,
 We build a God, artisan of our pleasures,
 Author of our shame, and we only fear that a lightning bolt
 Will grind us into powder as a result of such impiety.

> Whoever boasts of his prosperity,
 > Who does not acknowledge his fortune with restraint,
 > Who falls from softness and fragility, finds
 > Nothing to his liking except what is truly new:
 > Who wants nothing foreign in his clothing,
 > In his food, or in his dwellings,
 > He who, most often, carries within himself
 > A more intense piercing of amorous ardor
 > Than the poor common man, and his troubled spirit
 > Is always frenzied by a disturbed desire.
 > Accustomed love displeases him as too commonplace:
 > He wants to indulge in a love that is not ordinary,
 > That is not natural, but completely incestuous,
 > Thoroughly abominable, horrible and monstrous.
 > Always, always the great have enamored souls,
 > Have their hearts set ablaze by forbidden things.
 > He who is able to do much, wants to be able to do yet more:

¹⁵ Aphrodite, so called because she is said to have risen from the sea to the island of Cyprus

> Et cil qui ha beaucoup, veut encor plus avoir.

Mais qui vous flechira ce jeune homme inflexible ?

Voyez-vous pas combien il est inaccessible ?

Comme l'Amour il fuit, et l'amoureux lien ?

Comme il vit solitaire en Amazonien ?

PHEDRE

Je le suivray par tout, dans les forets ombreuses,

Sur les coupeaux blanchis de neiges paresseuses,

Sur les rochers aigus bien qu'ils touchent les cieux,

Au travers des sangliers les plus pernecieux.

NOURRICE

Il fuira devant vous comme devant une Ourse,

Qui tâche recouvrer ses petits à la course.

PHEDRE

Je ne croy pas cela d'une si grand'beauté.

NOURRICE

Il est encor plus dur, ce n'est que cruauté.

PHEDRE

> L'amour amollist tout, fust-ce un rocher sauvage.

NOURRICE

Vous ouvrirez plustost un roc que son courage :

Puis il s'ira cacher au profond des desers.

PHEDRE

> And he who has much, wants to have even more.

But who will sway this inflexible young man to you?

Do you not see how inaccessible he is?

How he flees Love and its amorous bonds?

How he lives in solitude as an Amazonian?

PHEDRE

I will follow him far and wide, into shadowy forests,

Over thistles whitened with lazily falling snow,

Over sharp rocks, even though they may graze the heavens,

And past the most pernecious wild boars.

NURSE

He will flee from your sight as he might from a Mother bear

Which hastily attempts to recover her young.

PHEDRE

I do not believe that of one so beautiful.

NURSE

He is still more harsh; there is nothing but cruelty.

PHEDRE

> Love softens everything, even an untouched rock.

NURSE

You will crack open a boulder sooner than his courage:

He will then go hide away in the depths of the desert.

PHEDRE

Je le trouveray bien, et fust-il aux enfers :

Fust-il où le Soleil au soir sa teste trempe,

Fust-il où le matin il allume sa lampe.

NOURRICE

Que vous dira Thésé, s'il retourne une fois ?

PHEDRE

Mais moy, que luy diray-je, et à son Pirithois ?

NOURRICE

Et encor que dira vostre rigoureux père ?

PHEDRE

Qu'a-t-il dict à ma sœur ? qu'a-t-il dict à ma mere ?

NOURRICE

Par ces cheveux grisons tesmoins de mes vieux ans,

Par ce cresse estomach, chargé de soins cuisans,

Par ce col recourbé, par ces cheres mamelles,

Que vous avez pressé de vos lèvres nouvelles,

Je vous supply, mon ame, et par ces tendres pleurs

Que j'espan de pitié, prevoyant vos malheurs,

Ma vie, mon souci, je vous pry à mains jointes,

Deracinez de vous ces amoureuses pointes :

Veuillez-vous, mon amour, vous mesmes secourir.

> C'est presque guarison que de vouloir guarir.

PHEDRE

Or je n'ay pas encor despoillé toute honte.

I will indeed find him, even if he is in hell:

Whether he be where the evening Sun dips its head,

Whether he be where the Sun illuminates its lamp each morning.

NURSE

What will Theseus say to you if he returns once more?

PHEDRE

But me, what will I say to him, and to his Pirithous?

NURSE

And still, what will your strict father say?

PHEDRE

What did he say to my sister? What did he say to my mother?

NURSE

By this gray hair that attests to all my old years,

By this wrinkled stomach, weighed down with bitter cares,

By this curved neck, by these dear breasts,

That you have pressed with your young lips,

I beg you, my soul, and by these tender tears

That I pour forth from pity, foreseeing your misfortunes,

My life, my worry, with folded hands I pray you,

Tear this amorous pain from yourself:

Please, my love, help yourself.

> Wishing to be healed is almost recovery.

PHEDRE

And yet, I have not yet laid bare all shame.

45 Sus, mon cruel amour, il faut que l'on te domte.
 Je sçay qui te vaincra, mon honneur m'est trop cher
 Pour le laisser par toy si follement tacher.
 La mort te combatra : sus sus il me faut suivre
 Mon désiré mary, je suis lasse de vivre.

NOURRICE

Las, mon cher nourriçon, n'ayez-pas ce propos !

50 PHEDRE

Non non je veux mourir, la mort est mon repos.
 Il ne me reste plus qu'adviser la manière,
 Si je doy m'enfermer d'une dague meurtrière,
 Si je doy m'estrangler d'un estouffant licol,
 Ou sauter d'une tour et me briser le col.

55 NOURRICE

Au secours mes amis, au secours elle est morte !
 Je ne la puis sauver, je ne suis assez forte.

PHEDRE

Taisez-vous, ma nourrice.

NOURRICE

Et comment ma douceur ?

Et comment ma mignonne ? est-ce là le bon-heur

0 Que j'esproy de vous ? est-ce là la liesse

Que de vous attendoit ma tremblante vieillesse ?

Laissez ce fol desir qui gagne vos esprits.

Additionally, my cruel love, it is necessary that we subdue you.

I know who will defeat you, my honor is too dear to me

To let you tarnish it so foolishly.

Death will fight you: what's more, in addition, I must follow

My desired husband, I am weary of living.

NURSE

Alas, my dear child, do not persist in these ramblings!

PHEDRE

No, no I want to die, death is my repose.

There is nothing left for me but to determine the way,

If I must impale myself with a lethal spike,

If I must strangle myself with an oppressive halter,

Or jump from a tower and break my neck.

NURSE

Help! my friends, help! She is dead!

I cannot save her, I am not strong enough.

PHEDRE

Be quiet, my nurse.

NURSE

And how my sweet one?

And how my dear? Is it there, the happiness

That I am wishing for you? Is it there, the jubilation

That my tremulous old age was hoping for you?

Abandon this mad desire that overcomes your spirit.

PHEDRE

- > Celui qui de mourir a constant entrepris,
 > Ne peut estre empesché par aucun qu'il ne meure :
 > Si ce n'est à l'instant, ce sera quelque autre heure.

NOURRICE

- Hé ! que voulez-vous faire ? et pourquoi mourez-vous ?
 Rompez plustost la foy promise à vostre espous,
 Et plustost mesprisez le bruit du populaire,
 Mesprisez-le, mon cœur, plustost que vous mal faire.
 > Le bruit du populaire erre le plus souvent,
 > Loüant un vicieux, blasmant un bien vivant.
 Il nous faut aborder cet homme solitaire,
 Et tâcher d'amollir son naturel severe :
 Cela sera ma charge. Or ayez donc bon cueur,
 Peut estre pourrons-nous adoucir sa rigueur.

CHŒUR

- Ne verrons-nous jamais le jour
 Que lon soit libre de l'amour ?
 Jamais ne se verra le monde
 Affranchi de la dure main
 De ce Dieu, qui regne, inhumain,
 Au ciel, en la terre, et en l'onde ?
 C'est grand cas que les Dieux, qui ont
 Tout pouvoir sur ce monde rond,
 N'ont divinité qui repousse
 D'un Enfant les debiles coups,
 Et qu'ils sont navrez à tous coups

PHEDRE

- > One who constantly sets out to die
 > Cannot be stopped from dying by anyone:
 > If it is not at that moment, it will be some other time.

NURSE

- Hey! What do you want to do? And why do you die?
 Break the faith promised to your spouse instead,
 And scorn the noise of the populace instead,
 Scorn it, my heart, rather than causing yourself harm.
 > Public opinion errs most often,
 > Praising a vicious one, blaming a moral one.
 We must approach this solitary man,
 And attempt to soften his severe nature:
 That will be my duty. And yet, take heart,
 Perhaps we will be able to soften his harshness.

CHORUS

- Will we never see the day
 When people will be free from love?
 Will the world never be seen
 Emancipated from the hard hand
 Of this God, who reigns inhuman
 In the sky, on earth and in the waves?
 It is a major event that the Gods, who have
 All the power on this earthly sphere,
 Do not have a deity who pushes away
 A child's feeble blows.
 And that they are all wounded by the blows

Des tréts venimeux de sa trousse !

Of the venomous bolts in his quiver!

Mais les hommes plus aigrement
Que les Dieux, sentent ce tourment.
Car les Dieux, s'ils sont d'aventure
Comme nous blessez dans le cœur,
Ne souffrent pas grande langueur,
Devant que d'en avoir la cure.

But men feel this torment
More bitterly than the Gods,
For the Gods, if they are by chance
Wounded in the heart as we are,
Do not suffer a great malaise
Before being cured of it.

Mais las ! il advient rarement
Que ceux qui sont nostre tourment,
Et nostre guarison ensemble,
Soyent esmeus de quelque pitié,
Et que sous pareille amitié
Ce cruel Amour les assemble.

But alas! It rarely happens
That those who are both
Our torment and our cure
Are moved with any pity,
And that under similar friendship
This cruel Love unites them.

Car tousjours le malicieux,
A fin de nous tourmenter mieux,
Par une beauté nous attire,
Qu'il nous monstre, et ne baille pas
Ains ne s'en sert que d'un appas
Pour nous tromper, puis la retire.

For the malicious one always,
In order to torment us more,
Attracts us with a beauty
Which it shows us, but does not bestow:
Thus it uses its charms
To deceive us and then withdraws it.

Comme on dit du vieillard chetif,
Qui dedans le coulant fuitif
D'un fleuve veut mouïller sa bouche,
Qui prompt s'est plustost retiré,
Que le miserable alteré

As we say about the stooped old man,¹⁶
Who wants to wet his mouth
With the fleeting current of a river,
Which instead swiftly recedes
Just as the thirsty pauper

¹⁶ Tantalus - the son of Zeus who was invited to dine with the gods. He abused the privilege (some say by serving them his own son) and was punished in Tartarus: up to his neck in water, it vanished when he tried to drink, and the branches laden with fruit just above his head blew out of reach each time he tried to grab one.

Du bout de ses lèvres y touche.

Touches it with the tips of his lips.

> Il n'est si mortelle poison

> There is not a poison so fatal

> Qui ne treuve sa guarison :

> That it cannot be remedied:

> Tout, fors qu'amour, se rend curable,

> Everything, except for Love, can be cured;

> Quand Cupidon fait que celui,

> As Cupid makes it so that this person,

> Qui ha le remede avec luy,

> Who holds the antidote within him,

> N'a la volonté secourable.

> Lacks the will to use it.

> Mainte cruelle passion

> Many a cruel passion

> Commande à nostre affection :

> Is in control of our affection:

> Mais passion si furieuse

> But a passion so maddening,

> Jamais pour nous gesner n'apprit

> Has never instilled so strong a torment

> Si fort tourment en nostre esprit,

> In our spirit in order to disturb us,

> Que ceste fureur amoureuse.

> As this amorous furor.

Comme une eau bouillonne de chaud

Like water boiling from the heat

Sur le feu qui plus fort l'assaut :

Of the fire which forcefully stimulates it,

Nostre sang bouillonne en la sorte,

Our blood boils in the same way

Quand il a les brasiers autour

When it is fueled by the hot embers

De cest estincelant Amour,

Of this blazing Love,

Et que sa rage est la plus forte.

And its fury is the strongest.

Quand Jupiter fut irrité

When Jupiter was incensed

Contre le larron Prométhé,

by the thief, Prometheus,¹⁷

Pour avoir pris le feu celeste :

For having taken the celestial fire:

Entre les malheurs que sa main

Among the misfortunes that his hand

Secoïa sur le genre humain,

Dealt out upon mankind

¹⁷ as partial punishment for stealing fire from heaven and giving it to the mortals, Zeus presented his brother, Epimetheus, with Pandora, whose natural curiosity led her to open the box that released all evil into the world, but gave people hope as well.

Fut cette abominable peste.

Was this abominable pestilence.

Cette peste nee au profound
Du Styx en neuf tours vagabond,
Pour troubler, ardante furie,
L'heur des animaux poursuivis,
Si tost qu'ell'les tient asservis
Sous les pieds de sa seigneurie.

This pestilence, this ardent fury, was born
In the depths of the Styx in nine ever-changing turns,
In order to disturb
The good fortune of pursued animals,
Immediately this pestilence holds them subjugated
Under the feet of its authority.

Alcide, qui de tous costez
A tant de monstres surmontez
Et purgé le monde où nous sommes,
Eust plus merité qu'il n'a faict,
S'il eust de ce Tyran desfaict
Pour jamais delivré les hommes.

Alcides,¹⁸ who overcame
So many monsters from every side,
And purged the world where we now are,
Would have deserved more had he done nothing
Except defeat this tyrant,
And had freed men forevermore.

Le sanglier Erymanthean,
Le grand lion Cleonean,
Busire, Eurypyle, et Antee,
Et l'Hydre au col sept fois testu,
Qui multiploit abbatu,
Cogneurent sa force indomtee.

The Erymanthian wild boar,¹⁹
The great Cleonian lion,²⁰
Busiris,²¹ Eurypylus,²² and Antaeus,²³
And the seven-headed Hydra²⁴
Which, though slain, would multiply,
All encountered his indomitable strength.

Et toutesfois Amour n'eut pas

And nevertheless, no sooner had Love

¹⁸ the birth name of Heracles, also given as Alcaeus

¹⁹ Heracles' 3rd task; he chased it into a snowdrift before binding its feet and carrying it back to Euystheus

²⁰ also known as the Nemean Lion; killing it was Heracles' first task: he was forced to strangle it because its skin was so impenetrable.

²¹ King of Egypt who tried to use Heracles as a sacrifice while he was on his way to retrieve the golden apples; Heracles killed him.

²² one of several possible individuals: 1) King of Cos and son of Poseidon, slain by Heracles on his return from Troy when he attacked the island. 2) Heracles' son by Eubote, a daughter of Thespius. 3) also "Eurypyle", a daughter of Thespius with whom Heracles had a son, Archedicus

²³ son of Gaia and Poseidon who wrestled all strangers; because he was invincible while in contact with the earth, Heracles lifted him off the ground and strangled him.

²⁴ another of Heracles' tasks; its heads regrew as they were severed, forcing him to cauterize each wound as he went, finally burying the final head beneath a boulder.

Si tost roidi son tendre bras,
 Pour luy décrocher une fleche,
 Que laschement il se laissa
 Frapper du trét, qui luy perça
 Le c9ur d'une profonde breche.

Il devint de preux qu'il estoit,
 Un vil esclave qui tortoit
 De la filace enquenouillée :
 Et de la mesme main filoit,
 Qui fiere auparavant souloit
 Estre au sang des monstres souillée.

Venus, et toy son cher enfant,
 Qui allez des cœurs trionfant,
 N'avous vengé le fait coupable
 De Phebus, qui vous decela,
 Sur Pasiphe qui affola
 D'une amour si abominable ?

Pourquoy encore espandez-vous
 Vostre insatiable courroux
 Sur ceste miserable dame ?
 Luy faisant par trop de rigueur
 Rostir bourrellement le cœur
 En une incestueuse flame ?

Steadied its tender arm
 In order to unleash an arrow upon him,
 Than he cowardly let himself
 Be hit with the blow,
 Which deeply pierced his heart.

Valiant as he was, he became
 A base slave who was twisting
 The yarn around the distaff;
 And he was spinning with the same hand
 Which was at one time proud: drenched
 And stained with the blood of monsters.

Venus, and you her dear child,
 Who goes from triumphant hearts,
 Have you not avenged the guilty deed
 Of Phoebus,²⁵ who revealed you,
 By maddening Pasiphae with
 Such an abominable love?²⁶

Why do you still pour forth
 Your insatiable wrath
 On this wretched lady?
 Making her, through too much hardship,
 Burn and roast her heart
 In an incestuous flame?

²⁵ Apollo, god of light, or alternatively: Helios, god of the sun and father of Pasiphae

²⁶ Pasiphae was the daughter of Helios (Phoebus Apollo) and wife of King Minos. She was made to lust after a bull sent by Poseidon, and, with the help of Daedalus, successfully mated with it to produce the Minotaur.

Robert Garnier's Phaedra and the Prison of Love

The conflict between love and chastity forms the basis of the tragic conflict in Robert Garnier's *Hippolyte*. This sixteenth century French play is an adaptation of Seneca's *Phaedra*, itself a reworking of the much older *Hippolytus* by Euripides. In Euripides' version of the play, he constructs the conflict in such a way that it is clear to the audience from the beginning: a declaration by Aphrodite that she will take control of the characters' fates through love, specifically through Phaedra. However, while these two plays address the same myth, Garnier elaborates upon the conflict set out by Euripides. Instead of the direct interference and direction of the gods leading to the ultimate fates of the characters, he focuses on emotional tensions. Garnier explores the world of psychology, finding the motivations for characters' actions and the rationalizations that each character might make for their actions. A focus on the characters of *Hippolyte*, especially of Phaedra, will demonstrate how Garnier provides new shape to a familiar story by presenting a fresh view of the motivations behind the characters' actions.

In *Hippolytus*, Euripides frames the play as a whole with the two goddesses, Aphrodite and Artemis, on opposing sides. Aphrodite begins the play by asserting that Hippolytus' unequivocal rejection of her and single-minded devotion to the chaste goddess of the hunt is an insult she will not allow to pass. She has caused Phaedra, the stepmother of Hippolytus, to fall in love with him, certain that the path she has set will lead eventually to the deaths of both Hippolytus and Phaedra. Although she has nothing against Phaedra personally, Aphrodite feels no remorse for using her in this way and considers it to be a kindness that Phaedra will die with her good name intact. In an essay on *Hippolytus*, Michael Halleran makes a key point, remarking that "[t]he chaste and tortured Phaedra, the religiously dedicated and proud Hippolytus have been the subject of many studies," and that "[w]hile this play is not primarily a psychological drama,

the characters are drawn carefully, in relation both to each other and to the gods” (Halleran 65). Aphrodite has a specific end in mind for the characters, but she does not control their individual decisions. Instead, she carefully frames the situation, knowing Phaedra’s concern for her honor will force her to act drastically if and when Hippolytus should find out about her love for him, and knowing Hippolytus’ proud devotion to Artemis will cause him to react with revulsion to any such declaration of love. In spite of any semblance of individual choice or control, the results have been predetermined by Aphrodite.

In direct contrast with this stands Garnier’s version of the play, about which Lebègue has this to say, “Garnier n’a rien conservé de la rivalité d’Aphrodite et d’Artémis et de la ferveur mystique d’Hippolyte, qui sont les traits originaux de la pièce d’Euripide” (Lebègue 243-44). Translated, this means that Garnier kept nothing of the rivalry between Aphrodite and Artemis or of Hippolytus’ fervent belief, which were the original characteristics of Euripides’ play. Garnier does begin his play with a similar foreshadowing of the eventual outcome as Euripides does. However, he employs the shade of Aegeus, Theseus’ father, to do so rather than a goddess. In fact, according to this introduction, the cause of the horrors to come is not Hippolytus at all – it is Theseus. If Aegeus is to be believed, the gods have become angered with Theseus because of his abduction of Phaedra and her sister Ariadne and his journey with Pirithous to the Underworld in order to abduct Pluto’s wife Persephone, and they now wish to see him punished by destroying his family. This idea of a foregone conclusion to the characters’ actions, an inescapable destiny arranged by the gods, appears seriously nowhere else in the play. This kind of prophetic foretelling of events at the beginning of the play was formulaic of Greek tragedies, leading to the conclusion that Garnier included this scene for that reason only, and not because he wished to indicate celestial control over the characters’ destinies.

Phaedra is still the unfortunate victim of an unrequited love for her stepson, and Garnier maintains that she values the honor of her good name, fighting to resist this love and remain chaste. In fact, when we first see Phaedra at the opening of Act II, she is bemoaning her unfortunate lot, wishing she could just die. It is only when she reaches the end of her speech that it becomes clear that a large part of her problem is her love for Hippolytus.

*Souffriray-je tousjours ? ô malheureux Amour !
Que maudite soit l'heure et maudit soit le jour
Que je te fu sujette! ô quatre fois maudite
La fleche que tu pris dans les yeux d'Hippolyte
D'Hippolyte que j'aime,*

*Will I always suffer? oh unfortunate Love!
Cursed be the hour and cursed be the day
When I was made your subject! oh four times cursed
The arrow that you shot into the eyes of Hippolytus:
Of Hippolytus whom I love¹*

At the same time, while the Nurse is attempting to convince Phaedra she must squelch this irrational love, Phaedra almost seems to wish the opposite. She argues with the Nurse that her love is divinely instigated and that love need not be limited to marriage – it should be experienced freely.

They continue to argue the case, with the Nurse insisting that Phaedra rid herself of this insane passion. Despite her earlier arguments in favor of this love and against her unfaithful husband, Theseus, Phaedra responds to this insistence by admitting:

*Je porte dans les os mon cruel adversaire:
Il a force le mur, et planté l'estandart
Malgré ma resistance au plus haut du rempart
Je suis en sa puissance, et quoy que je luy brasse,
Je ne puis, tant est fort, luy enlever la place.
Mes efforts tombent vains, et ne peut la raison
Me secourir maistresse, il la tient en prison.*

*I bear in my bones my cruel adversary:
In spite of my resistance, he has broken through the wall
And planted a standard at the top of the rampart.
I am in his power, and whatever I devise for him,
I cannot, given his strength, remove him from this place.
My efforts are in vain, and reason cannot
Secure me as mistress, for he has imprisoned it²*

The Nurse continues to argue with her about it, trying to persuade her to uproot the invasive love that has taken over her heart and mind. This does not mean she has completely given in to this adulterous, incestuous love. She has, on the contrary, decided that if she cannot control her

¹ Act II, lines 461-465, my own translation, 2010

² Act II, lines 684-690, my own translation, 2010

passion with reason, she will end her own life and thereby at least prevent it from destroying her honor when her disgraceful secret becomes known. Phaedra declares:

<i>Sus, mon cruel amour, il faut que l'on te domte</i>	<i>Additionally, my cruel love, it is necessary that we subdue you.</i>
<i>Je sçay qui te vaincra, mon honneur m'est trop cher</i>	<i>I know who will defeat you, my honor is too dear to me</i>
<i>Pour le laisser par toy si follement tacher.</i>	<i>To let you tarnish it so foolishly.</i>
<i>La mort te combatra : sus sus il me faut suivre</i>	<i>Death will fight you: what's more, in addition, I must follow</i>
<i>Mon desire mary, je suis lasse de vivre.</i>	<i>My desired husband, I am weary of living³</i>

The Nurse, who until hearing this plan has been encouraging Phaedra to fight against the love, suddenly executes a complete reversal of her position. She now advocates to Phaedra that the two of them should work together in an attempt to soften Hippolytus' hard stance against love and to convince him to accept the idea of loving his stepmother rather than spurning all love.

The Nurse is no longer concerned with the morality of their actions or even the effect on Phaedra's good name; she only wants to keep Phaedra alive. Genuinely concerned by Phaedra's behavior in general, and her obsession with death in particular, the Nurse confronts Hippolytus with the idea of love. She encourages him to be young and to experience the joys life has to offer – including love and youth - while he still can. Hippolytus insists, however, that the simple living of the country, hunting for what he needs and enjoying nature, is his sole desire. Realizing her first tactic would not work, the Nurse re-evaluates and tries once more, arguing for propagating the human race and thus allowing them to continue on into the future. In the face of this new argument, Hippolytus responds:

<i>Je ne sçaurois aimer vostre sexe odieux,</i>	<i>I would not know how to love your abhorrent sex,</i>
<i>Je ne puis m'y contraindre, il est trop vicieux.</i>	<i>I cannot force myself to do it, it is too vicious.</i>
<i>Il n'est mechanceté que n'invente une femme,</i>	<i>It is wickedness that a woman forges,</i>
<i>Il n'est fraude, et malice où ne plonge son ame.</i>	<i>It is fraud, and malice that saturate her soul.⁴</i>

³ Act II, lines 844-848, my own translation, 2010

⁴ Act III, lines 1263-1266, as translated by Nathan Rush, 2010

He asserts his hatred for all women and his disdain of ever loving one of them. In spite of this hubris, the Nurse tells Phaedra to speak to Hippolytus of her love. When a self-conscious and ashamed Phaedra eventually makes it clear to Hippolytus that she loves him, he is appalled; when she asks that he kill her in order to allow her to preserve her good name, he refuses, concerned about how this entire situation will reflect upon himself and the chastity of which he is so proud.

Once more, it is the Nurse who takes control in Garnier's play, deciding to accuse Hippolytus of some new crime now to protect Phaedra's reputation, knowing he will have no one to support his claims of innocence. She convinces the others that Hippolytus has raped their queen and takes a moment to address Phaedra's concern for her good name, asserting that she is still spiritually chaste because she was forced against her will. Theseus' return in the midst of all this only creates more confusion, as he demands to be told what has happened. The emotionally distraught Phaedra, pushed by her husband to relate what has happened to cause her to desire death so ardently, "confesses" the story created by the Nurse.

*Je vous invoque, ô Dieux ! ô Dieux, je vous appelle
Temoings de mon outrage, et de ma mort cruelle !
Les priers n'ont peu ma constance esmouvoir,
Le fer et la menace ont esté sans pouvoir
Le corps a toutesfois enduré violence :*

*I invoke you, oh Gods! Oh Gods, I call upon you
Witnesses of my abuse, and of my cruel death!
Prayers could not shake my steadfastness,
The blade and the threat have been powerless,
Yet my body has suffered rape:⁵*

Theseus, upon recognizing the sword left by the "rapist" as belonging to Hippolytus, reacts on a purely emotional level, immediately demanding that Neptune grant the last of the three wishes promised to him by killing Hippolytus. It is only at this point that the Nurse fully realizes the consequences of her actions, when she sees that Hippolytus will be killed because of the lie that she created to hide Phaedra's illicit love. Overcome by guilt and remorse, the Nurse kills herself.

⁵ Act IV, lines 1721-1735, as translated by Crystal Smith, 2010

Phaedra, who has been torn by the conflicting feelings of love for Hippolytus and the knowledge that such a love is morally wrong throughout the play, knows she ought to have remained “chaste” and not risked her good name by telling anyone of her feelings. However, she allows herself to be prodded along by the Nurse, first into confessing her love for Hippolytus to her, then into confronting Hippolytus himself with her feelings, and finally, she goes along with the Nurse’s spur of the moment plan to accuse Hippolytus of rape in order to avoid anyone discovering her improper love. After hearing the Messenger report the tale of Hippolytus’ death to Theseus, Phaedra can no longer keep silent. Her guilt overwhelms her, and she confesses all to Theseus. Begging Hippolytus, if he can indeed hear her, to forgive her for what she has done, she commits suicide.

*O credule Thesee, et par mon faux rapport
Faict coupable du sang de ce pauvre homme mort !
Apprenez de ne croire aux plaintes sanguinaires
Que vous font mechamment vos femmes adulteres.*

*Hippolyte, Hippolyte, hélas! Je romps le cours,
Par une ardante amour, de vos pudiques jours.
Pardonnez-moy, ma vie, et sous la sepulture*

N'enfermez indigné cette implacable injure ;

*Oh credulous Theseus, and by my false accusation
I am to blame for the blood of this poor, dead man!
Learn not to believe bloodthirsty complaints
That your adulterous wives utter against you*

*Hippolytus, Hippolytus, alas ! I break the course
Of your untainted days with a burning love.
Forgive me, my reason for living, and do not wrathfully
entomb*

This unforgivable affront beneath the sepulchre ;⁶

Garnier has made Phaedra altogether more emotional, more repentant, than Euripides. Rather than hanging herself and leaving a letter for Theseus that claims she was raped by his son, as Euripides has her do in his version of the story, Garnier leaves her alive she to see the consequences of the Nurse’s lie that she helped to spread. Now her dishonorable action (lying), undertaken to protect her good name, is revealed to all because her honorable nature will not allow her to continue in such a manner any longer. Unable to contemplate continuing on without her love and with her good name tarnished, Phaedra takes the only honorable course of action left to her: asking for forgiveness and ending her life. This revelation forces Theseus to stop and

⁶ Act V, lines 2169-2176, as translated by Wesley Scott, 2010

think about what has happened, immediately causing him to feel horribly guilty for condemning his son to death. The end of Euripides' version has an upset Theseus being informed of the whole story by Artemis, who clearly lays the blame at Aphrodite's feet, claiming she was upset by Hippolytus' chastity and neglect of her. She then assures Hippolytus and Theseus that she will have her revenge on one of Aphrodite's followers. This, once again, removes the responsibility from the mortals' shoulders; it is Aphrodite who orchestrated the outcomes this time, and it shall be Artemis who pulls the strings the next. The mortal characters only unwittingly play the parts they are given. Garnier adds another level of interest to the play, giving the control of the story to the characters, allowing the reader to see and feel the motivations for the characters' actions – whether that be anger, hurt, pride, shame, or love.

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